LACHRYMÆ MUSARUM:

The Tears of the MUSES;

Expreſt in

ELEGIES;

WRITTEN

By divers perſons of Nobility and Worth;

Upon the death of the moſt hopefull,

Henry Lord *Haſtings*

Onely Sonn of the Right Honourable

FERDINANDO Earl of *Huntingdon*

Heir-generall of the high born Prince

GEORGE Duke of *Clarence*,

Brother to

King EDWARD the fourth.

Collected and ſet forth by R. B.

Dignum laude virum Muſæ vetant mori. Hor.

London, Printed by *T. N.* and are to be ſold by *John Holden*, at the blue Anchor in the New Exchange. 1650.



...an cuperet, lacrymans augusti Herois in Vrnam,
Musa tuum Niobe corpus, et Arge tuum!
...fueret Morbi Dolor æmulus; utq. tumebat
...tula, sic tumeat Lachryma, mille oculis
...lete Deæ: Britonum hunc Horem tellure reportu
...hramta in Lachrymas Castalis unda rigat.

Eduardus Montagu. sic ingemuit

A Catalogue of the Writers names:

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Of all the Noble, Reverend, and Worthy Writers nominated in this Catalogue without their true Additions of Title, or listed contrary to their Degree or Quality, a pardon is most humbly desired for the Collector, whose crime of Ignorance, grew out of the want of timely Instruction.

Upon the death of the most hopeful young Lord, The Lord *HASTINGS*:

A Remembrance from a Kinſman.

IS there a bright Star faln from this our Sphere,
Yet none ſets out ſome newer Kalender?
Do the Orbs ſleep in ſilence? Is the Scheme
Struck dumb at th'apprehenſion of the Theme?
I ſhall not challenge *Booker* here; nor will I
Call up the Mathemat-like dreams of *Lilly*,
To ſearch the reaſon, ſift Prognoſticks out,
How this ſo ſad Diſaſter came about;
Since that to every one it is well known,
The beſt and precious things are ſooneſt gone.

Such Grief by th'cause is heightned to excess;
And where that falls, expression goes less.
Yet if we'd scan why thus he's Hasting hence,
His name may give you some intelligence.
The World with him this opposition had;
He was too good for it, and that too bad.

WESTMORLAND.

On the death of my worthy Friend and Kinsman, the Noble, Vertuous, and Learned Lord HASTINGS.

FArewel, dear Lord and Friend, since thou hast chose
Rather the Phœnix life, then death of Crows:
Though Death hath ta'n thee, yet I'm glad thy Fame
Must still survive in Learned *Hastings* Name.
For thy great loss, my Fortune I'll condole,
Whilst that *Elizium* enjoys thy soul.

FALKLAND.

A Funeral-Elegie upon the death of *Henry* Lord *Haſtings*, Son to the Right Honorable, *Ferdinando* Earl of HUNTINGDON, &c.

KNow all to whom theſe few ſad Lines ſhall come,
This melancholy *Epicedium*,
The young Lord *Haſtings* death occaſion'd it,
Amidſt a ſtorm of Lamentations writ;
Tempeſts of ſighs and groans, and flowing eyes,
Whoſe yeelding balls diſſolve to Delugies;
And mournful Numbers that with dreadful ſound
Wait this bemoaned Body to the ground,
Are all, and the laſt Duties we can pay
That Noble Spirit that is fled away.
'Tis gone, alas! 'tis gone, though it did leave
A body rich in all Nature could give:
Superiour in beauty to the Youth
That won the *Spartan* Queen to forfeit truth,
Break Wedlocks ſtricteſt bonds, and be his wife,
Invironed with tumults all her life.

His

His yeers were in the Balmy Spring of age,
Adorn'd with bloſſoms ripe for Marriage,
And but mature: His ſweet Conditions known
To be ſo good, they could be none but's own.
Our Engliſh Nation was enamour'd more
Of his full Worths, then *Rome* was heretofore
Of great *Veſpatian's* Jew-ſubduing Heir,
The love and the delight of Mankinde here.
After a large ſurvey of Hiſtories,
Our Criticks (curious in Honour, wiſe
In parallelling generous ſouls) will finde,
This youthful Lord did bear as brave a minde:
His few, but well-ſpent yeers, had maſter'd all
The Liberal Arts; and his ſweet tongue could fall
Into the ancient Dialects; diſpence
Sacred *Judæa's* ampleſt Eloquence,
The Latine Idiome elegantly true,
And Greek as rich as *Athens* ever knew:
The *Italian* and the *French* do both confeſs
Him perfect in their Modern Languages.
At his Nativity, what angry Star
Malignant Influences flung ſo far?
What *Caput Algols*, and what dire Aſpects
Occaſioned ſo Tragical Effects?

As

As ſoon as Death this fatal blowe had given,
I fancy mighty *Clarence* ſigh'd in heaven;
And (till this glorious ſoul arrived there)
Recover'd not from his Amaze and Fear.
Had this befaln in antient credulous times,
He had been Deifi'd by Poets Rhymes:
That Age (enamour'd on his Graces) ſoon
Majeſtick Fanes in Adoration
Would have rais'd to his Memory, and there
On Golden Altars, yeer ſucceeding yeer,
Burnt holy Incenſe, and *Sabean* Gums,
That Curls of Vapour from thoſe Hecatoms,
Should reach his ſoul in heaven. But we muſt pay
No ſuch Oblations in our purer Way:
A nobler Service we him owe then that,
His fair Example ever t'emulate:
With the advantage of our double yeers,
Let's imitate him; and (through all affairs,
And all encounters of our lives) intend
To live like him, and make ſo good an end.
To aim at brave things, is an evident ſigne,
In Spirits, that to Honour they incline;
And (though they do come ſhort in the Conteſt)
'Tis full of glory to have done ones beſt.

You mournful Parents, whom the Fates compel
To bear the loss of this great Miracle,
This Wonder of our times; amidst a sigh,
(Surrounded with your thickst Calamity)
Reflect on Joy; think what an happiness
(Though Humane Nature here conceits it less)
It was to have a son of so much worth,
He was too good to grace the wretched Earth.
As silver *Trent* through our North Counties glides,
Adorn'd with Swans, and crown'd with flowry sides;
And rushing into mightier *Humber*'s waves,
Augments the Regal *Æstuarium*'s braves:
So he, after a Life of Eighteen yeers,
Well manag'd, (as Example to our Peers)
In's early youth (encountring sullen Fate)
Overcome, became a Trophey to his state.
Didst thou sleep, *Hymen*? or art lately grown
Affect the Subterranean Region?
Enamour'd on blear'd *Libentina*'s eyes,
Hoarse howling Dirges, and the baleful cries
Of inauspicious Voices, and (above
My Star-like Torch) with horrid Tombs in love?
Thou art; or surely hadst oppos'd this hie
Affront of Death against thy Deitie;

Nor

Nor wrong'd an excellent Virgin, who had given
Her heart to him, who hath his ſoul to heaven:
Whoſe Beauties thou haſt clouded, and whoſe eyes
Drowned in tears of theſe ſad Exequies.
Thoſe fam'd Heroes of the Golden Age,
Thoſe Demi-gods, whoſe Vertues did aſſwage
And calm the furies of the wildeſt Mindes,
That were grown ſalvage, ev'n againſt their kindes;
Might from their Conſtellations have look'd down,
And (by this young Lord) ſeen themſelves out-gone.
Farewel, admired Spirit, that art free
From this ſtrict priſon of Mortality.
Aſhby, proud of the honour to enſhrine
The beauteous Body, (whence the Soul divine
Did lately part) be careful of thy Truſt,
That no profane hand wrong that hallowed Duſt.
The coſtly Marble needs no friend t'engrave
Upon it any doleful Epitaph:
No good man's tongue that office will decline,
Whilſt yeers ſucceeding reach the end of Time.

ASTON COKAINE.

Upon

Upon the Death of
HENRY
Lord
HASTINGS.

SInce that young *Haſtings* 'bove our *Hemiſphear*
Is ſnatch'd away, O let ſome *Angels* Wing
Lend me a Quill, his Noble Fame to rear
Up to that Quire which Hallelujah ſing.
Sure *Heaven* it ſelf for us thought him too good,
And took him hence juſt in his ſtrength and prime,
When Vertue 'gan to make him underſtood,
Beyond the Peers and Nobles of his time.
Wherefore 'twill ask more then a Mortal Pen,
To ſpeak his worth unto *Poſterity*;
Whoſe judgment ſhin'd 'mongſt grave and learned men,
With true Devotion, and integrity:
For which, in heaven, the Joys of laſting Bliſs
He reaps, whilſt we ſowe Tears for him we miſs.

But

But I no praiſe for *Poeſie* affect,
Nor Flatteries hoped meed doth me incite;
Such baſe-born thoughts, as ſervile, I reject:
Sorrow doth dictate what my *Zeal* doth write:
Sorrow for that rich Treaſure we have loſt,
Zeal to the Memory of what we had:
And that is all they can, that can ſay moſt.
So ſings my *Muſe* in *Zeal* and *Sorrow* clad;
So ſang *Achilles* to his ſilver Harp,
When foul affront had reft his fair delight;
So ſings ſweet *Philomel* againſt the Sharp;
So ſings the *Swan*, when life is taking flight:
So ſings my *Muſe* the notes which *Sorrow* weeps;
Which *Antheme* ſung, my *Muſe* for ever ſleeps.

ARTHUR GORGES.

EPI-

EPIGRAM

Upon the death of the moſt hopeful, *Henry* Lord *Haſtings*, Eldeſt ſon of the Right Honorable, FERDINANDO Earl of *Huntingdon*, Heir general of the high-born Prince, GEORGE Duke of *Clarence*, Brother to King *Edward* 4.

'TIs a Miſtake; Lord *Haſtings* did not die,
But 'twas our Hopes, and his great Parents Joy
That did depart. Is he ſaid to deceaſe,
That raigns in Glory now, and lives in Peace?
Yet may we gently mourn, not that he's gone,
But left us till the Reſurrection.
Our Joy ought to be more, ſince he doth get
A Heavenly Crown, for an Earths Coronet.
Then let us ceaſe our Tears: for if we grieve
Too much, too little ſurely we believe.

ROB. MILLWARD.

An

Upon the death of my Lord *Haſtings*.

THeſe are thy Triumphs, Death, who prid'ſt to give
Their lives an end, who beſt deſerve to live.
Dull, uſeleſs men, whom Nature makes in vain,
Or but to fill her Number and her Train;
Men by the world remembred but till Death,
Whoſe empty ſtory endeth with their breath,
Stay till Old-age conſume them; when the Good,
The Noble, and the Wiſe, ate kill'd i'th' bud.
Such was the Subject of our Grief, in whom
All that times paſt can boaſt, or times to come
Can hope, is loſt: whoſe Blood, although its Springs
Stream from the Royal loyns of *Englands* Kings,
His Vertue hath exalted and refin'd;
For his high Birth was lower then his Minde.
But that the Fates, inexorably bent
To miſchief Man, and ruine his Content,
Would have this Sacrifice, the Siſters might
Have been affected with ſo ſweet a ſight,
And thought their haſtie Cruelty a Crime,
To tear him from his Friends before his Time.

THOMAS HIGGONS.

An Elegie upon the Lord *HASTINGS.*

AMongſt the Mourners that attend his Herſe
With flowing eyes, and wiſh each Tear a Verſe,
T'embalm his Fame, and his dear Merit ſave
Uninjur'd from th'oblivion of the Grave;
A Sacrificer I am come to be,
Of this poor Offring to his Memory.
O could our pious Meditations thrive
So well, to keep his better part alive!
So that, in ſtead of Him, we could but finde
Thoſe fair Examples of his Letter'd Minde:
Vertuous Emulation then might be
Our hopes of Good men, though not ſuch as He.
But in his hopeful progreſs ſince he's croſt,
Pale Vertue droops, now her beſt Pattern's loſt.
'Twas hard, neither Divine, nor Humane Parts,
The ſtrength of Goodneſs, Learning, and of Arts,
Full crowds of Friends, nor all the Pray'rs of them,
Nor that he was the Pillar of his Stem,

Affe-

Affection's Mark, ſecure of all mens Hate,
Could reſcue him from the ſad ſtroke of Fate.
Why was not th'Air dreſt in Prodigious forms,
To groan in Thunder, and to weep in Storms?
And, as at ſome mens Fall, why did not His
In Nature work a Metamorphoſis?
No; he was gentle, and his ſoul was ſent
A ſilent Victim to the Firmament.
Weep, Ladies, weep, lament great *Haſtings* Fall;
His Houſe is bury'd in his Funeral:
Bathe him in Tears, till there appear no trace,
Of thoſe ſad Bluſhes in his lovely face:
Let there be in't of Guilt no ſeeming ſence,
Nor other Colour then of Innocence.
For he was wiſe and good, though he was young,
Well ſuited to the Stock from whence he ſprung:
And what in Youth is Ignorance and Vice,
In him prov'd Piety of an excellent price.
Farewel, dear Lord; and ſince thy body muſt
In time return to its firſt matter, Duſt;
Reſt in thy melancholy Tomb in peace: for who
Would longer live, that could but now die ſo?

CHA. COTTON.

For the Right Honourable, *LUCIE* Counteſs of HUNTINGDON. 1649.

From her Honours humbleſt Servant, *T. P.*

Her Soliloquie, or her Meditation.

'TIs myſtick Union, Man and Wife,
Yet ſcarce diſtinct from Single life,
Till like the Sun, a Son ariſe,
And ſet them Both before their eyes:
No ſweeter, braver, fairer ſight,
Then thus to ſtand in our own Light.
And ſuch a Son I joy'd: (Ay me!
Was ever ſuch a Son as he?)
And felt what fervent ſpirits of Love
Orbs of Maternal Bowels move.
I wou'd not ſhun thoſe outward ſnares,
Of Shape, of ſhining eyes and hairs;

Which

Which ſtill the more they catch, or wound,
More pleaſing ſtill their power I found.
And it is lawful, godly too,
To love what Gods own fingers do:
Whoſe Angels ſtill are ſweetly fac'd,
Himſelf with perfect Beauty grac'd.
But eager Vertue from the Clay,
In words and actions making way
To Senſe: in All that heard or ſaw
Became a fierce almighty Law,
And ſtoop'd all hearts that were not ſtone,
Or drown'd in Malice; or in Moan,
Like mine. So overgone with Wo,
My very Reaſon bids it go:
Nor lies it in the power of Wit,
By Reaſon to recover it.

The Rational Reply.

By Reaſon to recover it,
Sans forlorn Hope, or wings of Wit,
Who ſerves you, his main Battel brings.
Heark how the feather'd Tempeſt ſings;
Your clouds of Grief tranſpiercing quite,
Or hurrying to diſordered Flight.

Then (Sorrow vanquiſht) on his Herſe
Rears Trophies of victorious Verſe.
Firſt, let us ask Impatience why
At gentle Death's approach we cry.
Sweet Favourite of heaven, that flies
With *Cupids* face, but *Hermes* eyes;
Whoſe Rods, and Snakes, and ſeeming harms,
Our ſouls in ſlumber wiſely charms.
For that poor Spark call'd Life; the brand,
The Ruſh we carry in our hand;
Which dropping and defiling, ſpends:
Death gives Delight that never ends.
O mad miſtake! Sea-toſt, a Calm;
And wounded, we reject a Balm:
Rabide for want of Reſt, we keep
A bawling, and refuſe to ſleep:
Dead-weary tir'd, yet ſcorn to ſtay;
And, Cripples, hurl our Crutch away.
But theſe are General: for your pain
Here's water of a Special vein;
Wherein no reliſh you ſhall feel
Of Sulph'ry Wit, but Reaſons ſteel.
What cou'd you wiſh your Son? A pair
Of Dove-like Eyes; as *Joſeph* fair;

Straight

Straight as young Mountain-*Pines*, whoſe arms
The Sun with early kiſſes warms:
Guilds, blazons ſo each Leaf and Limb,
That Paint is dirt, and Metal dim.
He was all this, and all that we
Can fetch from Beauties pedigree.
The Caſe ſo bright, what radiance threw
The Jewel that it did indue!
The Queen that held the Throne in ſtate
Of Grace, there dreſt and re-create:
Till like a Lark from earthly Cage
Enlarg'd, and fir'd with ſtrong new Rage,
She mounts, and ſings in heaven. And what?
May we not fall ſome drops thereat?
Good reaſon, if the Tears you ſhed
From joyful brains expanſion ſpread,
Call it not Grief; foul Envie 'tis,
To whine at Saints enſhrin'd in bliſs.
Reflect on all the whole worlds frame,
It climbs and twines to whence it came:
So Beams that ſhine, and Streams that flow,
Back to their Sun and Ocean go.
So Vernal Flowers, which, at their birth
Thruſt up pure crowns from impure Earth,

Grow by degrees full ripe, and then
Muſt hide them in their Roots agen.
He parted in Perfection's time,
In Golden Number, and in Prime
Of Life, of Love, and White Report
For Vertue; paſt the ranker ſort
Of Flaſh-green youths; no Vicious Stain
Envenoming his Blood or Brain:
From Duels, Drink, Dice, Cares, Age, Laws,
Faces of Dames, and Eagles Claws,
Exempt: he laughs at us that ſtill
Bleat round the bottom of the hill.
Laſt, think of your clear open way
To heaven, obſtructed by his ſtay;
While, more then Mer-Maid, face and words
All Ear-wax melts, and breaks all Cords.
Did not his Look, his Voice and Deed,
With full commerce of Pleaſure feed
Your Senſe and Soul? which now takes wing,
Checks not at ought; nor ſpies fair thing
Worth ſtooping at. O let it flie
To Quarries there above the skie.

THO. PESTEL, *Pat.*

On

On the untimely death of *HENRY* Lord *HASTINGS*, Onely Son to FERDINAND and LUCIE, Earl and Counteſs of *Huntingdon*.

UP, Beldame *Muſe!* thy Climacterick's paſt;
But one work more; thy laſtingſt, if not laſt.
Lord *Haſtings* glorious ſhade before us ſtands,
Whoſe Vertue exacts this Duty from our hands:
'Twill be a Night-piece, friends: Here never ſeek
Lucie large-ſoul'd, and *Ferdinand* the meek;
Who both eſteem'd it braver work and worth,
To bring this Son up, then t'have brought him forth.
He th'Expoſition to their double Text,
The Glaſs wherein they ſaw themſelves reflext;
He, that was He; and She, and both in one,
Both ſhe and he, all three, in him are gone.
This Sun-ſet all obſcur'd: with *Ætna* preſt,
Their burning Giant Grief can take no reſt.

To print ſo black a Sorrow fair, I want
Gold-plate for Paper, Pen of Adamant.
Veils on thoſe chief Cloſe-mourners faces ſpread;
I pencil out all gentler eyes in Red
Swoln lids; as having ſpent their bottom-ſtore
Of precious dew-drops, till their hearts are ſore.
Which faſt congeal'd Balm has his Herſe infixt
In Chryſtal Caſe, with Pearl and Amber mixt.
Rare Monument! but cannot him refine,
So rich a Saint impov'riſhing his Shrine.
Was he not pureſt, faireſt, wiſeſt, beſt?
All Graces magazin'd, yet unexpreſt.
When his bright Bodies eminence I view'd,
With ſuch a ſoveraign Intellect indu'd,
So juſt and ponder'd Temp'rature to finde,
So early ripe, ſo richly matcht in Minde;
Choice Gem of Nature, ſet in Nurturing Gold;
Exulting Fancy quick conceiv'd the Mold
Was ready now, wherein th'Almightie's hand
Wou'd caſt new Nobles, and reſtore the Land;
Whoſe fineſt Gold, if in compare it bring,
Is ſure to finde his ſtrong *Mercurial* Sting.
He caus'd us hurl our Vows, and gave free ſcope
To change our Wiſhes into Preſent Hope.

But

But O *Sydneian!* O Blood-Royal Fate!
Great Britains curſe, whoſe ſinful, ſhameful State
Makes all Heroick Vertue ſoon decay;
Which mad ſhe throws, or juſt God takes away.
So fell our *Riphens* in *New Troy*, leſt he
Perchance her Fires and inſtant Ruine ſee:
For will that ſacred Thundrer never powre
On ſuch a *Sodom* his revengeful ſhowre?
Where Luſt and Pride, with their five brethren ſtand
In bold defiance of his armed hand:
Where Lords and Gentry, mindleſs of white Fame,
Graceleſs of old, are now beneath all Shame.
Pardon, freſh Saint, to ſet thy ſhining Good
With ſuch coarſe foils, to make it underſtood:
To topleſs height, from their baſe depth below,
Thy flaming Pyramid of Praiſe wou'd grow.
But for thou joy'ſt th'applauſe of Angels there,
How frivolous are our weak Ecchoes here!

THO. PESTEL *the father.*

Illuſtriſ-

Illustrissimi Herois, Domini HENRICI HASTINGS, EPICÆDIUM.

INcipe Musa dolens (causa est heu magna doloris)
Edere lugubri Carmina mœsta sono.
Squallida funerea cingas mea Musa cupresso
Tempora, & in lacrymas fons Heliconis eat.
Tristia pro lætis jam sunt celebranda choreis
Funera; plorantes tristia sola decent.
Nunc fletus, pallor, gemitus, suspiria, luctus,
Atque decent madidæ funera tanta genæ.
Heu quanta est rigidi dura inclementia Fati?
Corripit egregium mors inopina virum;
Cujus erant animo Pietas, Sapientia, Virtus,
Qui fuerat generis spesque decusque sui;
Dum parat ut Sponsus tædas celebrare jugales,
Urna vicem thalamis cogit inire suis.
Sperata arescit tenera modò messis in herba,
Absumptus subito funere penè Puer.

Sed

Sed cum Neſtoreis fuerat digniſſimus annis,
Tam citò cur tetricis præda deabus erat?
An quia pulcher erat, primæque in Flore Juventæ
Parca fuit teneri capta decore viri?
An quod amant Juvenum paſci Exanthemata Flore,
Signavit niveam Puſtula rubra cutem?
Puſtula Lernæo creſcens pollentius angue
Inſperata lues, torruit igne jecur.
Inſuetas Libitina dapes Bellaria geſtit,
Nullaque plebeio coporis offa placet.

Mœſtus cecinit, GEOR. FAIRFAX.

Οὐ πολιὼ ἄνθρωποι ζῶμεν χρόνον, ἀλλ' ὀπίσσω·
Ψυχὴ δ' ἀθάνατος καὶ ἀγήρως ζῇ διὰ παντός.

PHOCYLIDES.

LEt every generous ſoul pay to this Herſe
Some tribute of his Grief to flow in Verſe.
Haſt not a vein for Verſe? yet if thou could
Diſtil each word in Number, ſure thou would.
All Sorrows ſtreams flow not from Pens, but Eyes:
Let others write; thou ow'ſt thy Sighs and Cries.

G. F

Upon

Upon the Right Honourable, Lucie Counteſs of *Huntingdon*'s Heroick and moſt Chriſtian bearing of that grand Affliction, the death of her onely Son, The young Lord Hastings, &c.

HEavens bleſs your Wits (dear *Madam*) here's a ſad
Trial, enough to make a *Man* ſtark mad.
A Croſs might vex a bleſt Saint's patience,
Were he not mounted 'bove the reach of Senſe.
How ſhall a *female* breſt be able then,
To bear a ſhock might ſhake the beſt of *men*?
To me, a Miracle it is, you live;
Much more, to hear that you do onely grieve:
Nay, what is yet more ſtrange to me, that you
In point of Grief, pay Nature *but* her *due*:
As if you could do more then others, and
Had all thoſe rebel-Paſſions at command.

Upon

Upon a loſs ſo *heavie* as yours is,
Some *Niobe* had been a *ſtone*, by this:
And *we* might plain have read her diſcontent,
On *her* ſtill *weeping* Marble-monument.
Madame, you ſhame the very *Stoicks*, who
But *talkt* of thoſe brave matters, which you *do*.
They could *boaſt* much, and well *diſcourſe* upon
The *patient* ſuffering of *affliction:*
But, when it came to th' point, they ne'er came nie
This *acting* part of *your* Philoſophie.
But, 'tis no wonder that a *Stoick* you
Out-ſtrip; I'd ſee a *Chriſtian* thus much do:
Shew me a Chriſtian that a Croſs will take,
So heavie, *freely*, for his *Jeſus* ſake;
Or, that ſhall be preſented with a *Cup*
So *bitter*, and willingly ſhall drink it *up*.
Well, I had thought, in point of ſuffring, *no-man*
Could *me* have ſtript; but now, I *yeeld* t'a *Woman*.
And (Madame) this I am reſolv'd upon,
Your heart is *full of Grace*, or made of *Stone*.

FRANCIS STANDISH.

An

An *ELEGIE*

Upon the death of HENRY Lord HASTINGS, the onely Son and Heir of the Right Honorable FERDINANDO Earl of *Huntingdon*; Deceasing immediately before the day designed for his Marriage.

FOrbear, forbear, *Great* house of *Huntingdon*,
T'engross this Grief, as if 'twere all your own:
The *Kingdom* has a share; and every *Eye*
Claims priviledge to *weep his* Elegie.
The *Mirrour* of our Age, Lord *Hastings* dead?
And in his Urn, our *hopes*, thus, buried?
And shall not *we* come in, (who share i'th' smart)
In your sad consort, to lament our part?
We must—or, if that language be, you say,
Rude, and uncivil; we *intreat* we *may*.
Alas! our griefs swell high, whilst inward pent;
They'll burst our hearts, unless we give them vent.
For pity then, if not to spare *your* eyes,
Let *our* tears joyn, to mourn his Obsequies.
Sweet souls, alas! when we have wept our fill,
You'll finde enough of tears, for you left, still.

But

But ſtay — What voice was that? Methinks I hear
My better *Angel* whiſp'ring in my ear
Words of another ſtrain, which purer are
Then what my *Carnal Muſe* ſuggeſteth far.
What though our loſs be great; ſo *great*, that none
In our *Age* has exceeded it, but *One*?
Yet, this is not the way t'expreſs our Pieties,
By making large *Alembecks* of our Eyes.
The greater our loſs is, the more's his gains;
And, whom our *eyes* think dead, our *hearts* know
A *Saint* in heaven: who, being *there inthron'd*, (reigns
How can he take it, *here* to be *bemoan'd*?
Away then with theſe *Pagan* Rites, and be
More *Chriſtian-like* in your Solemnity:
And know, he celebrates his *Fun'ral* beſt,
Who comes unto 't, as to a *Nuptial*-feaſt.
And truely, 'tis his *Nuptial*-feaſt *indeed*;
Not, that which *Man* meant, but, which *God* decreed.
A Marriage fit for him; and, in my ſence,
Moſt ſutable unto his *Innocence*:
A Marriage with the *Lamb*, who took his ſin,
Firſt, quite away from him; and then, took *Him*.
Why ſhould we mourn then? how can it but pleaſe us?
When young Lord *Haſtings* married to his *Jeſus*.

FRA. STANDISH.

On the incomparable Lord Hastings: An *ELEGIE*.

TO ſpeak thy Praiſes, or our Sorrows, now,
Are both impoſſible. Alone they know
(Exalted Soul) thy worth, who now above
Converſe with thee by Intellect and Love.
Grief onely, and dumb Admiration, are
The Legacies thou haſt bequeath'd us here.
This onely woful Comfort's left us now;
Our Miſery's compleat: Fate knows not how,
Beyond this, to inflict another wound:
" They fear not falling, that lie on the ground.
Not perfect Bankrupt was this Land till now,
Nor her ſick lapſed deſp'rate ſtate below
The hopes of all recovery: till His fall,
We could not juſtly ſay we had loſt All.
We could not ſay, while he was yet alive,
Truth and Religion did not ſtill ſurvive:
There was a Church and Academy ſtill:
All Vertue, whilſt he liv'd, they could not kill.
Juſtice and Honour; whatſoever's good,
Was not yet fled from Earth to Heaven. Still ſtood

In

In him (that Cypher for these many yeers)
Th'oppreſt, and now quite ruin'd Houſe of Peers.
All theſe, not loſt, but outlaw'd, did conſpire,
To him, as to their centre, to retire.

But he is gone; and now this carcaſe, World,
Is into her firſt, rude, dark Chaos, hurl'd.
Vertue and Knowledge now for Monſters go:
To grope out Truth henceforth, how ſhall we do?
Or finde what's Juſt or Senſe? To whom repair,
To let us know thoſe things have been (not are.)
Further then him, before, you need not move,
To learn the *Placits* of the [a]Porch or Grove.
Or had you pleaſed to conſult the Sprite
Of the deep [b] *Samian*, or [c] *Stagyrite*,
[d] *Cordova*'s Sage, or [e] him that did renown
The ſcarce-before-him-known [f] *Bœotian* Town:
Rome, *Athens*, *Sybils* Oracles could teach
Nothing not comprehended in his reach.
Was none ſo hopeful Inſtrument as he,
The ſavage World t' reduce from Levity;
Purge and reſtore our Manners, and call home
Civility to barb'rous Chriſtendome.
For this great Work, he furniſht was like thoſe
Upon whoſe ſacred heads did once repoſe,

a *Stoick and Academick Philoſophy.*
b *Pythagoras.*
c *Ariſtotle.*
d *Seneca.*
e *Plutarch.*
f *Cheronea.*

In shape of parted Tongues, celestial Fire:
What they infused had, he did acquire:
Unless we justly make a doubt, wheth'r He
At Eighteen could in full possession be
(Without a Miracle) of all Tongues; one
Whereof to purchase, asks an Age alone.
Him in's own Language might have heard indite,
The Swarthy *Arab*, or the *Elamite*:
What *Athens* heard, or *Solyma*, or *Rome*
Of old, that from his tongue did flowing come:
He, that now drinks of *Tyber*, or of *Po*,
Utters not that word that he did not know:
No more doth he that tastes the Streams of *Sceine*,
Or those of *Celtica*, or *Aquitain*.
He was indeed a Miracle: and we,
That Miracles are ceas'd, may now agree.
How could we hope t'enjoy him, being one,
Whose new profane Opinion says, There's none?
Besides this, our own wicked Merits might
Instruct us; 'Twixt our Darkness, and his Light,
There could not be a long Communion.
In vain therefore, alas, did we go on,
To light his Nuptial-Tapers; and invoke
Juno and *Hymen*, and the air to choke

With ecchoing Epithalms; the whilſt above,
Th'Angelick Quire, enflamed with his love,
Court him from us, to thoſe Celeſtial Bowers,
As fitting for their Conſort, and not ours.
So unto Heaven (our thoughts being fixt on Clay)
In's Fever's fiery Chariot he takes way:
The weeks firſt day ſets forth; and ſix days done,
(As God had his) his Sabbath he begun.
Thrice happie Soul! whoſe Work and Labour gone,
Holds with thy Maker's ſuch proportion.
Now whether he a Conſtellation be,
Intelligence, or Tut'lar Deity,
Is hid from us. 'Tis great'ſt part of our croſs,
Nothing of him to know or feel, but's loſs:
Which though we could not read in leaves of Fate,
Thy Tow'rs (O *Aſhby*) did prognoſticate,
Which fell the dutious uſhers to his fall:
There was no further uſe of them at all,
Since he muſt fall, for whoſe ſake they had ſtood:
"Not be at all, as to no end, 's as good.
This theſe Prophetick Buildings did perceive,
And, bowing to the ground before, took leave.

Jo. Joynes.

A Funeral-Elegie upon the Right Honourable the Lord HASTINGS.

WHat Soil is this, where nothing that is good,
Nor Vertues branch, can live, nor Beauties bud?
For thou wast both, great Heroe, on whose head
The Muses and the Graces both had shed
And pour'd out all their store: for Form and Wit,
Vertue and Honour, there did crowned sit,
As in their Temple, where they chose to shine;
And, being Deities, made thee their Shrine:
Yea, great *Apollo* thought once to resigne,
And make thee President of all the Nine.
For us, poor Dwarfs in Science, we thought fit
To hold in Fee, of thy great Giant-wit,
Those smaller parcels which we have of Art,
And pay thee Tribute, each one for his part.
For thou wert second *Verulam*, to disclose
Nature's dark Secrets: and if any pose
'Bout Metaphysicks, he might answer'd be,
And read no other *Suarez* o're, but thee.

Wherefore great *Phœbus* did at length combine
With *Hymen*, to perpetuate thy Line,
By matching with *Astræa*: this seem'd fit,
To him that's god of Physick, and of Wit;
That in this ebbe of Justice, Wisdom, Grace,
Thou mightst be Stem and Root of such a Race,
As might revive dead Vertue, and restore
To present view what th'Heroes did of yore,
By quelling Monsters, purging Ordures hence,
Of Vice and Sin, that stain the Conscience.
And this we hoped all: yea, 't had been done,
Had not the Soil been *England*, whereupon
This noble Branch was planted: but she hates
Ever her gen'rous Plants: here culminates
Old *Saturn*, enemy to all that's good,
Eating his childrens Flesh, swilling their Blood:
And *England* is his Sister; Mother of Sins,
Stepdame to Vertues, Nurse of Assasins.
A Soil that fosters Brambles, Shrubs, and Thorns;
Slaughter's the Lamb, and sets up Beasts with Horns.
A Soil, that nurses Briars, Weeds, and Rape;
But starves the Olive, Fig-tree, and the Grape;
Those Nobler Plants, and glory of the Wood,
To all that know what's Soveraign, Sweet, and Good.

Go travel then, brave Soul, take wing, and flie
From place accurſt, where nought but Perjurie,
Rapine and Blood do ſwagger; and where all
Muſt turn eith'r Country-Carl, or *Cannibal*,
That means to live: Noble here muſt be none,
Nor gen'rous Plants, whilſt Brambles hold the Throne.
Fly then from *Babylon* up to *Sion*; there's
In Heaven both Monarch, and an Houſe of Peers;
Yea, there are Biſhops too, with grave aſpect,
The Churches Nobles, all with glories deckt:
And there's an Academ, though here's none now,
Where high Degrees are given to ſuch as thou.
Doctors, Virgins, and Martyrs, theſe are three,
Say ancient Fathers, that have Dignity;
Certain *Aureola*'s above the reſt,
Becauſe that theſe have earned Glory beſt.
Thou art theſe three: Doctor in learned Lore;
Virgin as pure, as any there before,
Save onely one: and Martyr ſure thou art,
If either Love or Fever plaid his part.
Hie then, immortal Soul, to thine own Sphere,
Where theſe three Crowns attend thee; and ſhine there
A glorious Conſtellation, far above
The frowns of Fortune, or the pangs of Love.

S. Bold.

An

An *ELOGIE*

Upon the moſt lamented death of the Lord *HASTINGS*,

Onely Son and Heir to the Right Honorable the Earl of *Huntingdon*.

Deceaſed at LONDON, 1649.

TEach me (dread Fate) out of thy ſtrong-claſp'd book,
Whoſe every Marble page as vaſt doth look
As th'immenſe Volume of Eternity,
Whereto for Index ſerves Mortality.
Teach me (dread Sire, while I have time a while)
Theſe two flat Contraries to reconcile;
Th'*Effect* to be, and ſtill and ſtill ſubſiſt;
The *Cauſe* to vaniſh, and yet ne'er be miſt:
Goodneſs one main toward Subſiſtencie,
As convertible in the * Trinitie
Of *Being*, thus to paſs as nothing were
Dependent from it in this *Worlds* Matter;

**Ens, Verum & Bonum convertuntur.* Ariſt.

And

And yet that Matter 'tis ſuppos'd to be,
Except as truely Good, no Entity.
The Riddles out th'Abſtract HE took away,
Yet left the Concrete World Good ſtill; to ſtay,
To tell the Speculators of our time,
How meerly ſupernatural, ſublime
HIS being in it was; and (if of HIM)
Our notions may be: ſo ſhall we eſteem
No Loſs b'our loſing Goodneſs; but 't more improv'd,
More highly honor'd, and more dearly lov'd,
Then when 'twas Conſubſtantial: ſo ſhall all
That but minde HIM, grow Metaphyſicall,
Rarely tranſcendent, as HE was: for Minde,
An Extract 'bove the mix of earth-Mankinde;
Such as to which, Place, Wealth, Pow'r, Goodneſs, give,
To make them (what they would be thought) To live.
This Noble Top-ſprig grew from ſuch a Stem
As well might ſerve t'adorn a Diadem;
To give and take a luſtre, whoſe bright rays
Might have diſpell'd the Fog of theſe black days.
Oh what an Expectation have we loſt,
That now but t'have had ſuch, we are left to boaſt!
And with an impious Modeſtie ſhall blame
Even Deſtiny, that left us nought but's Name:

A Name ſo glorious in what ere is Hie,
That it will ſtand inroll'd t'Eternitie.

Great *Huntingdon*'s grac'd HEIR went from us hence
A gracious Victim to high Providence.

Ad raptum primi Mobilis Domini C. C. raptum
ſic flevit dediti ſſ. familiæ ejuſdem &
Humillimus ſervus,
J. CAVE.

Upon the death of the Lord *Haſtings*.

HEre — Stay, Tears, until theſe Obſequies
Have had their Rights perform'd. Here — here lies
Th'Off-ſpring of the gods, *Apollo*'s glory,
The Muſes Morning-ſtar; the true Story
Of faign'd *Adonis*. Whatſoe'er is ſaid
Of Angels bliſs, within this Tomb is laid.
Nature, if ever, as before of old,
Thou ſhalt form Vertue, frame it of this Mold.
Flow Tears, now flow amain, to waſh this Tomb,
And keep it fair until the day of Doom.

PHIL. KINDAR.

The

The New Charon,

Upon the death of *Henry* Lord *Hastings.*

The Musical part being set by M. Henry Lawes.

The Speakers,

Charon and *Eucosmeia.*

Euc. CHaron, O *Charon*, draw thy Boat to th'shore,
And to thy many, take in one soul more.

Cha. Who calls? who calls? *Euc.* One overwhelm'd with ruth;
Have pity either on my Tears or Youth,
And take me in, who am in deep Distress;
But first cast off thy wonted Churlishness.

Cha. I will be gentle as that Air which yeelds
A breath of Balm along th'*Elizean* fields.
Speak, what art thou? *Euc.* One, once that had a lover,
Then which, thy self ne'er wafted sweeter over.
He was— *Cha.* Say what. *Eu.* Ay me, my woes are deep.

Cha. Prethee relate, while I give ear and weep.

Euc. He was an *Hastings*; and that one Name has
In it all Good, that is, and ever was.

He

He was my *Life*, my *Love*, my *Joy*; but di'd
Some hours before I shou'd have been his Bride.
Chorus. *Thus, thus the Gods celestial still decree,*
For Humane Joy, Contingent Misery.
Euc. The *hallowed Tapers* all prepared were,
And *Hymen* call'd to bless the Rites. *Cha.* Stop there
Euc. Great are my woes. *Cha.* And great must that Grief
That makes grim *Charon* thus to pity thee. (be,
But now come in. *Euc.* More let me yet relate.
Cha. I cannot stay; more souls for waftage wait,
And I must hence. *Eu.* Yet let me thus much know,
Departing hence, where Good and Bad souls go.
Cha. Those souls which ne'er were drencht in pleasures
The Fields of *Pluto* are reserv'd for them; (stream,
Where, dreſt with garlands, there they walk the ground,
Whose blessed Youth with endless flow'rs is crown'd.
But such as have been drown'd in this wilde Sea,
For those is kept the Gulf of *Hecate*;
Where, with their own contagion they are fed;
And there do punish, and are punished.
This known, the rest of thy sad story tell,
When on the Flood that nine times circles Hell
Chorus. *We sail along, to visit mortals never;*
But there to live, where Love shall last for ever.

An ELEGIE

Upon the death of the Lord HASTINGS.

READER, preſerve thy peace: thoſe buſie eyes
Will weep at their own ſad Diſcoveries;
When every line they adde, improves thy loſs,
Till, having view'd the whole, they ſum a Croſs,
Such as derides thy Paſſions beſt relief,
And ſcorns the ſuccours of thy eaſie Grief.
Yet leſt thy Ignorance betray thy name
Of Man, and Pious; read, and mourn: the ſhame
Of an exemption from juſt ſenſe, doth ſhow
Irrational, beyond exceſſive Wo.
Since Reaſon then can priviledge a Tear,
Manhood, uncenſur'd, pay that Tribute here
Upon this Noble Urn. Here, here remains
Duſt far more precious then in *India*'s veins:
Within theſe cold embraces raviſht lies
That which compleats the Ages Tyrannies;
Who weak to ſuch another Ill appear:
For, what deſtroys our Hope, ſecures our Fear.

What

What Sin unexpiated in this Land
Of Groans, hath guided ſo ſevere a hand?
The late Great Victim that your Altars knew,
You angry gods, might have excus'd this new
Oblation; and have ſpar'd one lofty Light
Of Vertue, to inform our ſteps aright:
By whoſe Example good, condemned we
Might have run on to kinder Deſtiny.
But as the Leader of the Herd fell firſt,
A Sacrifice to quench the raging thirſt
Of inflam'd Vengeance for paſt Crimes: ſo none
But this white fatted Youngling could atone,
By his untimely Fate, that impious Smoke
That ſullied Earth, and did Heaven's pity choke.
Let it ſuffice for us, that we have loſt,
In Him, more then the widow'd World can boaſt
In any lump of her remaining Clay.
Fair as the gray ey'd Morn, He was: the Day,
Youthful, and climbing upwards ſtill, imparts
No haſte like that of his increaſing Parts:
Like the Meridian-beam, his Vertues light
Was ſeen; as full of comfort, and as bright.
Ah that that Noon had been as fixt as clear! but He,
That onely wanted Immortality

To make him perfect, now ſubmits to night;
In the black boſom of whoſe ſable Spight,
He leaves a cloud of Fleſh behinde, and flies,
Refin'd all Ray and Glory, to the Skies.
Great *Saint* ſhine there in an eternal Sphere,
And tell thoſe Powers to whom thou now drawſt neer,
That, by our trembling Senſe, in HASTINGS dead,
Their Anger, and our ugly Faults, are read:
The ſhort lines of whoſe Life did to our eyes,
Their Love and Majeſtie epitomize.
Tell them whoſe ſtern Decrees impoſe our Laws,
The feaſted Grave may cloſe her hollow Jaws.
Though Sin ſearch Nature, to provide her here
A ſecond Entertainment half ſo dear;
She'll never meet a Plenty like this Herſe,
Till Time preſent her with the Univerſe.

JOHN DENHAM.

To

To the Earl of *HUNTINGDON*,

On the death of his Son.

My Lord,

COuld any Tears our Miſeries remove,
Redeem our Loſſes, or aſſwage our Love,
Bleſt were you, though you paid for ev'ry Tear
As rich a Jewel as the *Weſt* can bear,
And did, for ev'ry Sigh or Groan, diſpenſe
An od'rous Tempeſt of Maſle Frankincenſe.
But theſe impoſſible Wiſhes cannot finde
A place; and are but ſcatter'd by the Winde.
The Laws by which the World is govern'd, are
As Indiſpenſable as Regular.
A periſht Flower can from that Central fire
That lurks within its ſeed, next Spring aſpire

Unto its former life and beauty: But
Firyable Man, when once his eyes are ſhut,
Is no more ſeen; but paſt recov'ry loſt;
A tender fleeting Form, a Bloodleſs Ghoſt.
And, 'las, that God-like Youth that did amaze
All Expectations, and faln Vertue raiſe
Beyond her known *Idea's*; He, in whom
So many Noble Bloods had found their home;
(Like ſome fam'd *River*, whoſe proud ſtreams are great,
Becauſe that Other *Rivers* therein meet:)
He that was onely like Himſelf; hath quit
His Cage of Clay; I ſaw a paleneſs ſit
Upon his lips, and lurid darkneſs break
And chaſe the Orient Purple of his cheek.
I ſaw his Eyes ſeal'd to eternal *Night*,
And all thoſe Spices which Corruption fright,
Straw'd on his Waxen Limbs. He's gone, he's gone,
And cruelly fled; and yet not he alone,
But Courage, Sweetneſs, Innocence, and Truth,
And all thoſe ſweet imbelliſhments of Youth;
And all thoſe full Perfections which engage
Our praiſe, and caſt a reverence on Age;
And all thoſe Arts, which by long toil acquir'd,
Do make men either uſeful or admir'd:

All

All which he maſtred, not as others, who
By lame Degrees to a Full ſtature grow;
He, at the firſt, was ſuch: what other men
From Climate, Humour, Temper, Cuſtom gain,
Nature endow'd him with: and though ſhe pleaſe
To d'all her works at leaſure, by degrees;
In this vaſt *Miracle* ſhe her ſelf ſurpaſt,
And ſhew'd, at once, Perfection and Haſte.
Nor was there any thing in him to weed,
To prune, or ſtraighten: that Celeſtial Seed
The Stars had ſhed into him, could not flow
To Looſneſs, nor yet poorly under-grow.
Nothing in him was crooked, lame, or flat,
But *Geometrically* proportionate:
Nor had he that which the ſeverely Wiſe
Deplore in Men, and would aboliſh; Vice.
His was a Snowie ſoul, a pure Eſſence
So clearly ſhining in 'ts firſt Innocence,
That He did that Opinion true declare,
That Vice and Evil utter Nothings are.
Nor was his Knowledge other: that pure Minde
Was too Æthereal, and too refin'd,
To know or common Paths, or common Bounds:
His was like Lightning, which all Sight confounds,

And ſtrikes ſo ſwiftly, that it ſeems to be
Rather the object of the Memory.
Thus did he oft his Tutors ſenſe prevent,
And happily ſurpriſe him in's intent:
Thus he o'er-run all Science, (like a King
Conquering by approach) as if that every Thing,
Stript of its outward droſs, and all refin'd
Into a Form, lay open to his Minde:
Or his pure Minde could ſuddenly diſperſe
It ſelf all ways, and th'row all Objects pierce.
Yet whatſoe'er into his Minde did paſs,
Though writ in *Water*, did remain in *Braſs*.
Yet has this *Genius* made a ſad depart,
Maugre thoſe ſtrong Reſiſtances of Art,
Which the wiſe-pow'rful *MAYERN*, (who can give
As much as poor Mortality can receive)
Could, like a *Father*, make; maugre the Vows
And holy Ardences of a melting *Spouſe*;
Maugre that ſtrength of yeers which had not known
His tender Cheeks bloſſom'd by their firſt Down;
Maugre thoſe Hopes which did ſo bravely feign
That a great Race ſhould ſpring from him again;
A Race of *Haſtings's*, whoſe High Deeds ſhould raiſe
New luſtre to their *Grand-fires* Images.

But ('las) theſe Hopes are now meer Dreams become,
And all thoſe Glories buried in his Tomb.
Too rigorous *Fates*, 'tis but an envions ſport,
To make thoſe Lives that are moſt brave, moſt ſhort;
Or in deſtroying *Heroes* do you finde
A way ſo oft to Maſſacre Mankinde?
Or cannot milder Heaven one Influence throw,
To make one thing Glorious and Laſting too?
But there's a difference 'twixt Heav'n and Earth,
And thoſe things which from Each receive their birth:
On Earth, the fineſt things fade ſooneſt; there,
Ill-boding Meteors the moſt ſhort-liv'd are.
And yet, (*my Lord*) ſince that Celeſtial fire
That is ſhut up within us, doth aſpire,
Being once freed, like an ambitious Flame,
Unto that Fountain, from whence firſt it came;
With what a glorious Brightneſs is He gone,
May we ſuppoſe, that ſo auguſtly ſhone
Even th'row his Clay? What raviſhing Tranſports now
Seize on that Intellect? How doth it glow
With freſh Illapſes of the pureſt Light,
Free from the Bondage of chill Senſe and Night?
How do the *ghoſts* with admiration gaze
On this great Shade! With what a proud amaze

Some look on what he was, whiles others ween,
With emulous Sorrow, what he ſhould have been!
Whilſt that his Love, exalted by its Loſs,
Does more ſublim'd intuitive ſpecies toſs;
And, ſwoln above it ſelf, ſerenely move
In that great Centre of Light, Life, and Love;
Where I muſt loſe him: For, can I expreſs
What *He's*, that am not *He?* But this confeſs,
My Lord, that ſince you meaſure by his bliſs
Your Wiſhes, this his *Apotheoſis*
(Where part of you is Deifi'd) muſt call
Your Acclamations, but no Grief at all.
He's now at peace, diſturb him not with Fears,
Nor violate his Aſhes with your Tears.

J. Hall.

In

In obitum *Henrici* Domini *Haſtingii*, Filii, FERDINANDI Comitis *Huntingdonii*, unici: Simulac * Unionis, totius *Angliæ*, pretioſiſſimi.

EPITAPHIUM.

*Hic * Gemma eſt, pro quâ,* Venus *& cum* Pallade, Juno,
Antiquam litem, tres renovâre Deæ.
Vincere erant omnes, ipſo Jove *Judice, dignæ;*
Vincere, ſed cunctæ non potuêre Deæ.
Ergo, memor ſtrages quantas lis prima dediſſet,
Jupiter *hanc Gemmam condidit hoc Tumulo.*

Anglicè.

Here lies a * Jewel, for which ſtrove
Pallas, *Juno*, and Queen of Love.
Jove being Judge, they all were thought
Worthy to ha't, but all could not.
Remembring therefore what great Wars
Fell out, upon their former Jars;
Jove, to prevent the like to come,
He lockt this Jewel in this Tomb.

FRANCISCUS STANDISH.

In Honour to the Great Memorial of the Right Honourable *Henry* Lord *Haſtings*, deceaſed; Late, the moſt Hopeful, Onely Son, and Heir apparent to the Right Honourable FERDINANDO Earl of *Huntingdon*.

BLuſh, ye Pretenders to *Aſtrologie*,
That tell us Stories out of *Ptolomie*,
Kepler, with others; what ſhall be this yeer
Th'effects of *Saturn* joyn'd with *Jupiter*;
But could not tell us that our *Sun* ſhould Set,
To riſe no more within this Sphere; nor yet
Th'Effects we have ſince felt: That ſuch a *Star*
(For whoſe vaſt Loſs we now ſad Mourners are)
Its much-admired Influence ſhould withdraw,
And be No more, to us, Ye ne'er foreſaw.
This, had you but predicted long ago,
We might have been prepar'd for ſuch a Blowe.

But Oh Accurſed-Envious-Fowl Diſeaſe!
Within thy Circuit, could none other pleaſe

Thy

Thy Palate: Was thy Thirſt ſo great,
That, onely, *Noble Blood* muſt quench the Heat?
Hadſt thou miſs'd him, we could have ſpar'd thee Store;
Or with thy *Phangs* hadſt mark'd him, and No more;
Our Curſes had been ſpared: nor ſhould we
Have call'd thy Footſteps a Deformity.
But thus, to ſeize on Honour, Beauty, Youth,
And at one Draught Carouſe them, plainly doth
Convince us, That with Death thou didſt agree,
To *Storm* this *Fort*, which, elſe, had kept out Thee.
Cupid, no more be ſtil'd a Deity;
Thy *Bowe* and *Quiver*, may they ſhatter'd lie:
And *Hymen*, henceforth be thine *Altars* raz'd,
Thy *Prieſts* be dumb, thy *Temples* all defac'd:
Since that for This, your Pow'rs conjoyned were,
To ſport your ſelves with this *ſo Noble Pair*.
Why were your *Torches* lighted in their Eyes?
Pretending *Nuptials*, meaning *Sacrifice*.
What *Advocate* will dare to juſtifie,
Or Story match, this *Matchleſs Tyranny*?
But 'tis in vain; in vain we do Increaſe
Our Woes, complaining, which are Numberleſs.

But *Fate*, we *ſerve*, not *ſearch* thy deep Intents,
Nor dare we Quarrel at thoſe croſs Events

Accoaſt us daily. We would onely pay
The rites of our poor Tears, t' his Memory.
Had this our Loſs been but a Private one,
'T had been the loſs (yet) of a Precious Stone:
But as a Mighty Rock, ſhrunk from his place,
Unfixeth all about it, is our Caſe.
Should we now drain the Fountain of our Eyes,
And bring in Rivers 'ſtead of Elegies;
Could we at once weep Blood, and rend our Hearts,
Still we ſhouid come far ſhort 'his great Deſerts.
Since then there is no Vertue in our Tears,
To warm his Bloodleſs Limbs: ſince w' ought to bear
Our Croſſes with ſmoothe brows, and to ſubmit
To *Heaven*'s Decree, who beſt knows what is fit;
Thrice-Noble Pair of *Mourners* at this Hearſe,
Who claim Chief Priviledge; Why do your Tears
Still iſſue forth? Oh do not lend a Voice
To Grief ſo ſad; and make ſo ſhrill a Noiſe,
Ecchoing Fruitleſs Groans, that fill the Skie,
And thus Lament his ſtate ye ſhould Envie.
There is a time for Tears; but certainly,
There is a time to lay thoſe Sorrows by.

Reſolved, therefore, on the Queſtion, We
Will doat no more on Earth's Inconſtancy:

For

For, If to Man and Beaſt the Lot's all one,
What Priviledge have we to build upon?
If the tall Cedars muſt be Levell'd, why
Should humble Shrubs expect Security?
Reſolved, alſo, Their Condition's beſt,
Whom Heaven hath taken to Eternal Reſt:
Whither, Great Soul, th'art fled, and now doſt raign
Above in Majeſtie, neer *Charles* his Wain.

J. B.

Upon the much-lamented death of the Lord HASTINGS.

HOw richly is thy *Sepulchre* adorn'd!
With how much State thy *Obſequies* perform'd!
Dreſt in their Sable Robes, each *Muſe* out-vies
The other, in their mournful *Elegies*:
Mournful indeed, ſince thy own Loſs ſends forth
A *Grief* as great, as (living) thou hadſt *Worth*.
Our *Pens* grate not thy Herſe enough; it wears
The mournful *Livery* of thy *Country*'s tears;
Widowed, ere *Married*, to thy Parts; that ſo
Thy Love writes *Maid*, yet is half *Widow* too.
All good men *mourn*: ſhe *weeps*, 'cauſe thou art gone.
Fain would I die, to be thus wept upon.

Jo. BENSON, *Hoſp. Lincoln.*

To

To the never-dying Memory of the Noble Lord *Haſtings*, &c.

The meaneſt Son of the Muſes conſecrates this

ELEGIE.

WHat? will my cloudy forehead never clear?
Shall I the arms of Sorrow ever bear
Croſt 'bout my Skeleton? and ſhall mine eye
Be like *Aquarius* Pitcher, never dry?
O ſurely never! Grief from yeer to yeer
Rents my poor Heart, and makes his Home-ſtead there:
Affliction gripes me, as young *Hercules*
The gaſping Snakes: Nor can I hope for eaſe,
When noble *Haſtings*, in whom Hope did lie
At Anchor, is ſtorm'd hence by Deſtiny;
And, like a *Paphian* Roſe but newly thruſt
Out of its Green Bed, blaſted into Duſt.
Remorſeleſs Fate! be hateful as thy Harms,
That rudely pluckſt out of their Countries arms
Her lovelieſt Pledges: couldſt thou not have ſeiz'd
Upon ſome worthleſs Wretches long diſeas'd,

Or

Or fell'd ſome ſturdie Oaks, that have ſo long
Done with ſtiff arms the bending Willows wrong;
But needs thou muſt a Noble Plant remove,
So fixt in Piety, ſo fill'd with Love
And Goodneſs, as before our Grandfire's Fall
He had begotten been, and Nature (all
That interſected time till he was born)
Had ſtudied how her dear Work to adorn?
Thou in meer pity mightſt have taken Truce
A while, and given him longer uſe
Of vital Joys. But thus rare Flowers fail
As ſoon as blown; ſweet Spices moſt exhale;
Fair ſhining Gems too frequently are crackt;
And richly-laden Veſſels quickly wrackt.
Come, noble Nymphs, drop Sorrows Pearls apace
Into his Sepulchre, and on that place
Sweet Flowers plant, that Embleme-wiſe may ſhow
His ſweeter Graces for whoſe ſake they grow;
And cauſe his freſh Grave viſited to be,
As a rare Garden, and rich Treaſury.
You worthy Parents of this peerleſs Son,
Think that you ſee him (now his Part is done
On this lowe Stage) applauded by the hie
Angels, i' th' Court of bleſt Eternity:

And let ſuch tow'ring Contemplations throw
Your Sorrows down, and ſmother all your Wo.
What ere was wanting in his Life's extent,
His Fame ſupplies, without a Monument;
Who with all weight of Worth that Youth could have,
Sank to the reſtful centre of the Grave,
As th' Indian dives for Pearls. But Pearls, and Gems,
And all thoſe dazling things call'd Diadems,
What are they to the Glories that ſurround
His dearer Soul, i' th' heavenly Palace Crown'd?
Where, above Mortal Change, and Fatal Chance,
He (while the rapt Orbs their *Lavolta's* dance)
Sings Hymns of Joy, and with the Angels Quire
Keeps a bleſt time, that never ſhall expire.

An Epitaph on the ſame.

Tread off, prophaner feet, forbear
To preſs this hallowed mold, where lies
Fair Vertue's and high Honour's Heir,
The Darling of the bounteous Skies;
Who by rare Parts, the flight of Fame,
In Life, out-went; in Death, his Name.

THO. BANCROFT.

An *ELEGIE*

On the death of the Right Honourable, *Henry* Lord *Haſtings*;

Preſented at his Funeral.

HOw comes this preſs of People to this place,
Oppreſs'd with inward Anguiſh? On each face
Sorrow ſits deeply printed; and each eye,
Swoln big with Grief, drops down an Elegie.
'Tis Love, that *Magnes* of the world, that drew
This ſad Aſſembly hither, not to view
Each other, but with Zeal and Service pure,
To wait on him, who, living, I am ſure,
Was ſo compleat Perfection, that I may
(*Sans* Flatt'ry) call him Miracle, and ſay,
He di'd to make his Motto good, this way,
In height of Gratitude, for to expreſs,
He honour'd us to wait upon his Herſe.
Who can be ſilent now, or ſo dull grown,
Not to have ſenſe? An univerſal Groan

Beſits

Befits a Gen'tal Loſs. Come, let us ſigh
Together; ſo conſpiring far more high
To raiſe his Fame and Monument: I know
The gentler Windes will their aſſiſtance ſhow,
And on their wings tranſport his lovely Name
As far as *Titan* with his fulgent Flame
Doth gild the World. This done, their lateſt breath,
In hoarſe and hollow Murmures againſt Death,
They will expire: which I ſhould alſo do,
Were it not Womaniſh, and Childiſh too.
We may not grieve too much, leſt it ſhould prove
Envie at Happineſs, not Signes of Love.
For he was Vertue's Magazine, and thence
He did diſperſe his pretious Influence
On all about him. He was right compleat,
And, which is wonderful, as Good as Great.
Ceaſe then your Grief, and dry your eyes: though hence
He's fled, yet ſtill a great Intelligence
He lives; and will for many Ages ſtand,
For Life and Learning, Mirrour of the Land.'

W. PESTEL.

On

ON
HENRY Lord *HASTINGS*.

THree Loyal HENRIES, ſprung from *Huntingdon*,
We ſaw alive: the Firſt and Laſt are gone,
Bright Saints to Heaven, above all Fanci'd Spheres,
To meet their Soveraign in That Houſe of Peers:
The Third, Gods hand by Wonder hath preſerv'd,
In whom their Honour Trebly is reſerv'd.
So *Sybils* Books conſum'd; the Laſt, contains
Their precious Truths, and Treble Value gains.
Howe'er, we ſadly mourn his Nephew's Fate
Makes Widow'd *England* ſtill more deſolate.
Oh, never Such a Son to Parents mind;
Oh, never Subject Loyaller inclin'd;
Oh, none more Pious, none more Man, ſo ſoon;
Ripe for his Set, ere rais'd to half his Noon.
That mightier hand, that ſtopp'd the mighty Sun,
Can th'row his Circle, ſooner, make him run.
A varied Fever had ſurpriz'd his Head,
And Death enſu'd, when Royal Blood he bled.

Bodies live not, when Head and Heart decays,
Where all their Veins are right *Baſilica's.*
The Fountain dri'd, how ſhould the Chanel run?
Goodnight to Stars, when Darkned is the Sun.

Thus Royal, Loyal, Learn'd, Lov'd *Haſtings* lies;
All Good mens Loſs; to Saints, a glorious Prize.

THO. PESTELLUS, *filius.*

EPICEDION

In obitum Domini HENRICI HASTINGS Baronis, Illuſtriſſimi.

SAnguineas Oculis lachrymas effundere poſſem,
Infandum damnum ſi reparare queam.
Sed fruſtra. Tantum lachrymis æquare dolorem
Non opis eſt noſtræ. Tetrice ſiſte dolor.
Quomodo virtutes comprendam Epicedia ſcribens
Carmine, quas nullus vel numerare potis?
Doctrinæ, ingenii lumen columenque ſepultum
Hoc, noſtro Zenith, Sole cadente jacet.

Nonne

Nonne vides Flores excindi tempore Verno?
Dulcis sic cecidit Flosculus ingenii,
Heros illustris, nulli Pietate secundus;
Tantum annis juvenis, Cognitione senex.

Ingenuas Artes didicit juvenilibus annis;
Virtutum centrum, Relligionis honos.
Mystica cunctorum primordia novit ad unguem:
Doctrinæ eximiæ calluit omne genus.
Procedam ulterius? tantum est renovare Dolorem
Infandum. Jam nunc gurrula Musa tace.
Auree Flos Sophiæ, requiesce secure Sepulchro;
Nostrum, Te extincto, plangere munus erit.

R. P.

Upon the much-lamented Departure of the right Hopeful, and truly Noble,

HENRY Lord HASTINGS,

Son and Heir to the Right Honorable, FERDINANDO Earl of *Huntingdon*.

COme, Tragick *Muſe*, finde me one Spring through all
Parnaſſus Riſe, womb-ſwell'd with bitter'ſt Gall,
To write my Heart, as Sable as the Herſe;
My Thoughts as Black, as ever ſtood in Verſe.
Reſigne, for once, th' *Elixar* of All yet
Ere vow'd unto thy Shrine; their Fancie, Wit,
Their Language; Youth of all; yet all this Store,
Too ſmall to pencil That, which calls for More.
Lend me a Fancie, which may reach; a Minde
As full of Excellency, in every kinde,
As th'Earth of Cauſes, or the Heavens of Light:
The Sun's but full, and full's the *Margarite*.
Fit me with Tiptoe-Language, to command
The ſharpſt-ey'd Intellect, and force a ſtand:

Such

Such may the Subject be, ſo full of dreſs,
Deſerving more then Language can expreſs.
Furniſh my Brain with onely ſo much Art,
To tell the World, *There was One*, whoſe leaſt part
Deſerv'd the largeſt Volume: tell me then,
If ſo much Youth was not th'Abſtract of Men.
When Theſe have done their parts, and Thouſands more,
All is but *Callis*, unto *Tagus* ſhore;
A Minute, to an Age; Lead-Oar, to Gold:
So precious was that Gem now Caskt in Mold.
If (Paſſenger) thou ask whom this may be,
Thus Thron'd on ſuch an height of Dignity;
I may not tell, but bluſhing, when each Letter
Terms my ſpeech rude, becauſe 'tis ſpoke no better.
Gheſs by the Sequele; ſee the Mourners all,
Ev'n drunk with Aſps, and Cockatrices gall;
Penſive to death: view next th'Attendants; ſee
How each one droops, becauſe it was not he.
The very Steeds which drew that heavenly Load,
Went ſuch a pace, as if they'd underſtood
Their Maſter's fall; ſo ſlowe, yet full of grace,
As ne'er to come unto a parting-place.
Like hairy Comets pregnant with Miſhaps,
Do ſeldom come alone; but After-claps

Of Princely Horrour, (iſſues of that Womb:)
Such (though in State) are Waiters on a Tomb.
Lo here, the Creſt, the Sword, the Gantlet, all
Applauded Rites, that ſpeak a Funeral,
Like Comets, come before, and tell us plain,
Some Prince his Death, or Noble Hero's ſlain.
I can no longer hold: Look ye upon
The Royal Arms, and then ſay, *Huntingdon*
Hath now the largeſt ſhare in this ſad Fate;
Though *Darby*, *Suffolk*, *Clarence*, great in State,
May challenge Blacks; yet much more Royal Blood,
Centred in *Haſtings*, t' make a perfect Good:
Amongſt this Throng of Nobles, we may ſet
A *Stuart*, *Tudor*, and *Plantagenet*:
None e'er diſdain'd this Royal, Loyal Stem,
Faithful to Church, true to the Diadem:
Well might it be thought Honour to fix there,
Where God's ſole Soveraign, and the prime ſole Peer.
So much of every Line, of every Good,
Of every Vertue, extant in their Blood
Was here; that as in him they lived all
Sweetly united; ſo in him they fall.
I here dare tell the mad *Pythagoriſt*,
He lyes; his Tranſmigration now hath miſt:

A Body ſo compos'd; each Lineament
So perfect, full, exact, 's if Nature meant
To ſhew her Maſter-piece: and that poſſeſt
With ſuch a noble Soul, as ne'er can reſt
In coarſer Roofs; it can no other fit;
There's not a Subject capable of it.
Judge in three words: he was, at theſe young yeers,
A *Synod*, *Commons*, and *an Houſe of Peers*.
His pure, diviner Parts, ſhew him but lent
The World, a Pattern for their Parliament;
Where ev'ry Member, like a Loyal Soul,
Aſſiſts each other, to compleat the Whole.
Of a juſt Temper, Gracious and Good
To God and Man; kept cloſe, yet underſtood;
Apparent, yet unvoic'd; made known to all
But to himſelf: no ways *Thraſonical*
Of what whole Ages might: therefore in brief,
His Lords and Ladies higheſt Joy and Grief.
Should I attempt each Circumſtance to ſcan,
Which makes the Grief unequall'd, as the Man;
I might by oddes far ſooner end this Strife
By writing Dead my Self, then This to th' Life.

Epitaph.

Here lies our Ages Paramont; the Store
Of *Albions* ſhame, becauſe it mourns no more.
And ſince the Fate is ſo, if, for his fall
We cannot weep enough, our *Children* ſhall.

JOH. ROSSE.

Upon the unhappie Separation of thoſe united Souls, The Honorable *Henry* Lord *Haſtings*, And his beloved Parallel.

WHat make I here? how ill this place befits
A Shrub, to ſprout i' th' *Lebanon* of *Wits*?
'Mong ſuch *Cæſarean Muſes*, whoſe pure ſtrains
Out-ſoar the *Clouds* of *Sublunary* brains.
I'ld quit the *place*, but that I know I may
Lament as *much*, though not ſo *well* as they.
Thus *Princely Eagles*, when together th'are
Met at a *Carcaſe*, yeeld the *Fly* a ſhare.

The

The *Tongs* and *Jews-trump* too, when they do come
In Conſort, ſerve to fill a *Vacuum*,
And to compleat the *ſound*, though artleſs Tone:
So he that can't *ſing Elegies*, can groan.
Sad accident! how pityable 's *Man!*
Billow'd about this reſtleſs *Ocean*;
Born to be *wretched*; who no ſooner doth
Begin to *live* or *love*, but *dies* to *both*:
The *Tennis-ball* bandy'd 'tween *Love* and *Fate*,
Whom *both* do *court*, yet *both* do *emulate*.
Whom (like young *Doctors*) *Women* uſe to kill,
To try *Experiments*, and *nurſe* their skill:
The *Females Trophie*. Or if *Love* can't do't,
To ſink him, *Fate* contributeth her foot,
To cruſh i' th' *Bud*. Thus the great *Haſtings* di'd;
The Young-mens Glory, and the Scholars Pride;
Envie 's juſt *Zenith*——

But why ſhould I *lament* his *death?* ſince he
Loſeth not by't: but 'tis his Love and We;
She, *We* 're undone; for *both* have loſt that *All*,
That She could *Love*, or We could *Vertue* call:
One who by's *Learning* did *demonſtrate*, that
There is a *Plebs* in *Brain*, as well as *State*;

And

And by his Studies labour'd to derive
Nobility from *Worth*, its *Primitive*:
Whom he that would *mourn*, as he ought to do,
Muſt be the *Poet*, and the *Subject* too.
Now others *Obſequies* are my *Thanksgiving*;
Nor mourn I for the *dead*, but for the *living*.
Poor *Hemiſtick*! that but began to be
Inoculated, when ſhe loſt the *Tree*.
She that had *flam*'d her *ſoul* with *Hymens* fires,
Who with full *Sayls*, *blown* on with ſtrong *deſires*,
In reach of *Hav'n*, in ſight of *Safety*, ſinks;
Up to the lips in *Nectar*, yet not drinks.
She that had paſt the Gulf of *Love* and *Wo*,
(Which none but *we*, that *taſte* and *feel*, can know)
Now muſt love o'er again, and come to be
New diſciplin'd in *Cupids* A, B, C.
How vaſt a *World* has ſhe to *range* about?
How long a *ſearch*, ere ſhe can finde one out,
Second to him? An *equal* we deſpair;
Like *Pallas* born o' th' brain of *Jupiter*.
Riddle of *Nature*, of *unfathom'd* parts,
Whoſe *Brain* was the *Synopſis* of all *Arts*:
Whoſe *Soul*, whoſe *Heart*, whoſe *Perſon* juſtly can
Stile *Lover*, *Scholar*, and a *Gentleman*:

Whom

Whom loaden *Nature* did deſigne to die
Unwedded, being a *Genealogie*
Unto himſelf, and therefore thought it *ſhame*
To live in any *Iſſue* but his *Fame*.
This Sun in's *Zenith*, totters now, and falls;
And *Death*'s the *Vigil* to *Loves Feſtivals*.
Thus pureſt *Lovers*, when their *Joy* is near,
Are by't ſtruck *dead*, as *Cowards* are by *Fear*.

Yet though he could not know what Joys wait on
The *Bridal*-Bed, but by *privation*;
Now woes the *Angels*, and intends to be
Wedded to them in their *Virginity*.

Yet are the *Muſes croſs'd*: for had this hit,
We'd joyn'd *Yorks* Wealth, to th' *Lancaſter* of Wit.

Sic flevit

ALEX. BROME.

An *ELEGIE*

On the much-lamented death of the Lord HASTINGS.

ALack, good young Lord *Haſtings*, is he dead?
He's riſe again, as ſure as buried.
There's Comfort yet that's worth our Sadneſs then:
But yet w'are bound to grieve, as to love men.
Shall I be ſilent then, not to relate
The Grievance of my Minde for this ſad Fate?
Wanting the Learned Phraſes to ſet forth,
In high Expreſſions, ſuch a Subject's worth.
Let deep Divines, that long have ſtudied Art,
Adorn their Lines to pleaſe: I'll write my Part.
Then on, my mournful Pen, help, Muſes nine,
That he may drop a Tear, that reads a Line;
When he ſhall know the grievous Sighs and Groans
Of that ſad Noble Race of *Hnntingdons*.

Great

Great pity 'tis, ſo young a Branch as He,
Should drop ſo ſudden, from ſo good a Tree.
But Heaven, th'Author of all earthly things,
Muſt have his will on Lords, as well as Kings.
Nor is the Root ſo faded, but hath power
To plant a Graft that may produce a Flower,
To equalize the Loſs you ſo lament,
And cure the Malady of Diſcontent.
Ceaſe not to mourn, yet, let not inward Grief
Cauſe a Deſpair, ſince heaven can give relief.
They're Angels guard him; King of kings hath ſent,
Where's difference 'twixt a Jayl from Parliament.

Ceaſe then to weep; for he and Angels ſing
Hallelujah in Heav'n, with *Charles* our King.

EDWARD STANDISH.

To the Memory of the Right Noble, and moſt Hopeful, *Henry* Lord *Haſtings*, Deceaſed.

AWay, my *Muſe*, or bid me hence from thee;
No Subject for thy help, nor Work for me,
This Story yeelds. For, by thy dictates, I
Never ſpilt Ink, except in Comedie;
Which in the thronged Theatres did appear
All Mirth and Laughter. What ſhould we do here,
Amidſt an Inundation of ſuch Grief,
As to be dry'd up cannot hope relief
Till the Laſt firy day? Yet ſince 'tis ſo,
How can we ſcape our ſhares of general Wo?
And (pardon me, *Thalia*) your ſublime
Spirit, ſince this Viciſſitude of Time
Has found no cauſe to ſmile, nor have you been
But Mourner-like, and but by Mourners ſeen.
And, though you cannot expreſs Sorrow, I
Muſt be allow'd to ſhew Mortality;

And

And grieve without your aid. No painting forth,
Or Flouriſhes of Art, on Weight and Worth
Are requiſite: This Story is too true
To be made more perſpicuous to our view,
By adding Fiction to't. All may be ſaid
Or written in few words, *Lord Haſtings's dead.*
But who can ſtop at this! when theſe few words
An Argument wide, as the World affords,
Of Grief? Yet ſee! th'expreſſion to prevent,
It ſtupifies us with Aſtoniſhment
Which dumbs us, and benums our Faculties,
And like an Over-charge within us lies:
Such, as in its Report, the Canon breaks:
No leſs this Sorrow threatens, ere it ſpeaks.
Now let Sigh-tempeſts and Tear-torrents riſe,
To pour out Marble-hearts, th'row melting Eyes,
For this dear Loſs: when we are forc'd to ſay,
The Hope of *Huntingdon* is turn'd to Clay;
Henry Lord *Haſtings*, He—Here let me ſtay:
Sad *World*, I tell thee *Who* he was, not *What*;
That would o'er-ſwell the Volume: Read thou that
In the precedent *Elegies*, here writ,
By Maſters of beſt Eloquence and Wit.
Read, and mark well his Character, and know,
They do of Truth more then Affection ſhow.

On

On this ingenuous Subject none could lye,
Though ne'er so much inspir'd with Poetry.
Enrich thy Knowledge, once, by having read
More Vertue, then is Living, of one Dead.
They are march'd on. Now I bring up the Rear,
And not without as True and Salt a Tear
As the Van-leader of this solemn Train:
Onely to thee I utter this again,
Thou *World*, Read and Collect all, here, expreſt
Of Excellencies on this Lord deceast;
And adde, with it, all thou canst think is good;
And all that thou canst wish were understood
To be thine own, to all is said before;
Great *Hastings* was, and is all that, and more.

RIC. BROME.

HEre was the end of the Book intended to have been; and so was it Printed, before these following Papers were written or sent in.

Of

Of all those the Noble, Reverend and worthy Writers nominated in the Catalogue without their due Additions of Title, or lifted contrary to their Degree or Quality, a Pardon is most humbly desired for the Collector, whose Crime of Ignorance grew out of the want of timely Instruction.

POSTSCRIPT.

ELEGIES,

Written by

M. *Andrew Marvel.*
M. *M. N.*
M. *Joannes Harmarus.*
Johannes Dryden.
Cyrillus Wyche.
Edw. Campion.
Tho. Adams.
M. *Radulphus Mountague.*

Upon the death of the Lord *HASTINGS.*

GO, intercept ſome Fountain in the Vein,
Whoſe Virgin-Source yet never ſteept the Plain.
Haſtings is dead, and we muſt finde a Store
Of Tears untoucht, and never wept before.
Go, ſtand betwixt the *Morning* and the *Flowers*;
And, ere they fall, arreſt the early *Showers*.
Haſtings is dead; and we, diſconſolate,
With early *Tears* muſt mourn his early *Fate*.
Alas, his *Vertues* did his *Death* preſage:
Needs muſt he die, that doth out-run his *Age*.
The Phlegmatick and Slowe prolongs his day,
And on Times Wheel ſticks like a *Remora*.
What man is he, that hath not *Heaven* beguil'd,
And is not thence miſtaken for a *Childe*?
While thoſe of growth more ſudden, and more bold,
Are hurried hence, as if already old.
For, there above, They number not as here,
But weigh to Man the *Geometrick* yeer.

Had

Had he but at this Measure still increast,
And on *the Tree of Life* once made a Feast,
As that of *Knowledge*; what Loves had he given
To Earth, and then what Jealousies to Heaven!
But 't is a *Maxime* of that State, That none,
Lest He become like Them, taste more then one.
Therefore the *Democratick* Stars did rise,
And all that Worth from hence did *Ostracize*.

Yet as some *Prince*, that, for State-Jealousie,
Secures his neerest and most lov'd *Ally*;
His Thought with richest Triumphs entertains,
And in the choicest Pleasures charms his Pains:
So he, not banisht hence, but there confin'd,
There better recreates his active Minde.

Before the *Chrystal Palace* where he dwells,
The armed *Angels* hold their *Carouzels*;
And underneath, he views the *Turnaments*
Of all these Sublunary *Elements*.
But most he doth th' *Eternal Book* behold,
On which the *happie Names* do stand enroll'd;
And gladly there can all his Kinred claim,
But most rejoyces at his *Mothers* name.

The gods themselves cannot their Joy conceal,
But draw their Veils, and their pure Beams reveal:

Onely they drooping *Hymeneus* note,
Who for ſad *Purple*, tears his *Saffron*-coat;
And trails his Torches th'row the Starry Hall
Reverſed, at his *Darlings* Funeral.

And *Æſculapius*, who, aſham'd and ſtern,
Himſelf at once condemneth, and *Mayern*;
Like ſome ſad *Chymiſt*, who, prepar'd to reap
The *Golden Harveſt*, ſees his Glaſſes leap.
For, how Immortal muſt their Race have ſtood,
Had *Mayern* once been mixt with *Haſtings* blood!
How Sweet and Verdant would theſe *Lawrels* be,
Had they been planted on that *Balſam*-tree!

But what could he, good man, although he bruis'd
All Herbs, and them a thouſand ways infus'd?
All he had try'd, but all in vain, he ſaw,
And wept, as we, without Redreſs or Law.
For *Man* (alas) is but the *Heavens* ſport;
And *Art* indeed is Long, but *Life* is Short.

ANDREW MARVEL.

On

On the untimely death of the Lord HASTINGS, Son to the Earl of HUNTINGDON.

IT is decreed, we muſt be drain'd (I ſee)
Down to the dregs of a *Democracie*:
Death 's i' the Plot, and in his drunken mood
Swills none, of late, but ſtreams of Noble Blood.
Was 't not enough the *Hatchet* did hew down
Thoſe well-grown Oaks, and Pillars of the Crown,
But that the tender Sapling too muſt fall
Thus, to inhanſe the Kingdoms Funeral?
Ye Widow'd *Graces*, and ye *Muſes* too,
Bring your Perfumes; with Tears and Flowers beſtrew
This ſacred Temple, where ye once did ſit
Crowned with all the pomp of Youth and Wit.
'Tis HASTINGS, he that promis'd to appear
What *Strafford*, *Falkland*, and brave *Capel* were;
Whoſe pregnant Brain ſpake a deſcent from *Jove*,
And Shape Celeſtial, from the *Queen of Love*;

So that, to charm the World, he match'd the grace
Of *Nestors* Wisdom with *Adonis* Face.
The Nurse *Minerva* boasts how this her son
Suckl'd dry the Poets and their *Helicon* ;
With what a nimble pace he posted ore
The fields of *Phant'sie*, rifled all her Store,
Gropt ev'ry Flow'r and Tulip which did grow,
To make a Garland for his own fair Brow ;
That young *Apollo* never wan more Praise,
When he pursu'd his Love, and catcht the *Bays*.
This but the *Bud*, these but the Blossoms were ;
The *Fruit* grew ripe in Studies more severe,
Where he seem'd born to master and control
Both the *Cecropian* and the *Roman* School,
Big with designe t' usurp the Chair of Wit
From *Tully*, and depose the *Stagirit*.
Adde next to these, the Grace which did belong
T' unlock those Treasures with a Golden tongue ;
A Tongue so rarely furnisht, as might boast
It self of kin to those at *Pentecost* ;
And in their proper Languages begun
To court the Rising and the Setting Sun ;
Fit to reform our own degen'rous Sprites,
And plant the world with Loyal Proselytes.

Thus

Thus ripen'd, (ſee!) this rare Example ſtood
No leſs ennobled in Deſert then Blood;
Whilſt others, ſwoln high with an empty Name,
Leave nothing but their Luſts and Sins to Fame:
But if you'll Noble be indeed, your yeers
Improve like him, ſtrive to become his *Peers*.
How joy'd, (think you) the Noble *Huntingdon*,
To be thus copi'd in ſo brave a Son!
How did he bleſs, admire, and ſmile, to ſee
This young *Aſcanius* of his Family,
As did *Æneas* that his onely Joy,
The precious Relique of confounded *Troy*!
What Fruits he reckon'd would the *Harveſt* bring,
After ſo ſweet and ſo ſerene a *Spring*!
How fair an Iſſue ſhould the Boy beget,
Good as their Sire, and as their Grandſires Great,
Whoſe Vertues claim this Title to their Line,
Of all the *Britiſh Heroes* moſt Divine.

No marvel then the famous *Mayern* ſtrove
To place his Childe where he had fixt his Love,
Melting the *Indies*, to unite in one
His Onely Daughter with this onely Son;
That ſo his longing Soul might once behold
This Jewel ſet within his Ring of Gold.

The old man woo'd, as if he meant to prove
An earneſt Rival in his daughters love;
Gave *Hymen* ſpeedy Orders to prepare
The Triumphs due unto this harmleſs War;
Invited all the gods of Mirth and Wine,
That, as Themſelves, the Feaſt might be Divine:
Venus her Trinkets ſent, without delay,
To dreſs ten thouſand *Cupids* for the day:
The *Duelliſts* with plighted hands did greet,
And promis'd quick within the Liſts to meet;
The luſtre of whoſe mutual Smiles and Rays,
Foretold a Sunſhine of auſpicious days.
But Oh! the Scene is alter'd; ſome croſs Star
Darts down Infection th'row the Hemiſphear:
Thoſe eyes which *Hymen* hop'd ſhould light his Torch,
Æthereal flames of Fevers now do ſcorch,
And *envious Pimples* too dig Graves apace,
To bury all the Glories of his face:
The *Boy-god* ſighing, ſoon unbends his Bowe,
And, with his Mother, lies extinct belowe,
In vain expecting Succour, while the Race
Of *Stygian* Monſters ſeize upon the place;
Where they their Revels keep, mocking the skill
Of beſt *Phyſitians*, and then rage their fill,

Till ugly Death his dire Magnetick Dart
Shot th'row the Veins, to hit his tender Heart,
Ruined the Fort, and then ſnatch'd the Prize
Due to the conqueſt of his Ladies eyes.
The onely Legacies he left us, are,
Grief to his Friends; and to the World, *Deſpair*.

So when fair *Phœbus* 'gins to gild the Morn,
Some ſullen Cloud, within a moment born,
Sends Hell and Darkneſs th'row the air to flie,
And all with Mourning hangs the lofty Skie.

M. N.

De

De honoratiſſimo Juvene,

Dom. *HENRICO HASTINGS*,

Linguis, Artibus, & Virtutibus
excultiſſimo,

Comitis HUNTINGDONIÆ Filio Unico;
qui undeviceſimum Ætatis ſuæ
annum agens, diem obiit, magno cum *Literarum* juxtà &
Literatorum detrimento.

PEgaſus *excuſſit fontem unum e Vertice montis*;
Laxat at hìc fontes ſingula Muſa duos.
Semper ut è teneris lacrymæ Labuntur ocellis,
Sic LACRYMÆ Muſis Muſica ſemper erit.

Apoſtrophe ad defunctum.

Qui Muſas omnes in Te complexus es uno,
Muſa Tibi non eſt quæ fleat una ſatis.

Περὶ

Περὶ τοῦ αὐτοῦ.

Τέρμα βίου ἥβας· ἥβης τέλος ἔρχι τελούτη·
Κάτθανεν· ἡίθεος καὶ νεότητι γέρων.
Κύδεϊ, ζαῖς ἀρεταῖσι γεγηθώς, καθείλετο πόλεμος·
Ὡς ταχὺ εἰαρινὸν ῥῖγος ἔμαρψε ῥόδον.

Περὶ ἑτέρου.

Νυμφίον ἐστόμωσεν θερμὴ νόσος ἥρπασε κοῦρον·
Γήϊνον ὥστε λυπεῖν τοὺς μεθόπισθε γάμον.
Πρὸς γάμον ἄλλον ἔβη, πρὸς νυμφίον ἀγλαὸν, αὐτὸς
Νύμφη, Χριστὸν ἔβη, νυμφίον ἠέριον.

JOANNES HARMARUS,
Oxonienſis. φιλιάτρος,
& C.W.M. mœrens
poſuit.

Upon

Upon the death of the Lord *HASTINGS.*

MUſt Noble *Haſtings* Immaturely die,
(The Honour of his ancient Family?)
Beauty and Learning thus together meet,
To bring a *Winding* for a *Wedding-ſheet?*
Muſt *Vertue* prove *Death's* Harbinger? Muſt She,
With him expiring, feel Mortality?
Is *Death* (Sin's wages) Grace 's now? ſhall Art
Make us more Learned, onely to depart?
If Merit be Diſeaſe, if Vertue Death;
To be Good, Not to be; who 'd then bequeath
Himſelf to Diſcipline? Who 'd not eſteem
Labour a Crime, Study Self-murther deem?
Our *Noble Youth* now have pretence to be
Dunces ſecurely, Ign'rant healthfully.
Rare Linguiſt! whoſe Worth ſpeaks it ſelf, whoſe Praiſe,
Though not his Own, all Tongues Beſides do raiſe:
Then Whom, Great *Alexander* may ſeem Leſs;
Who conquer'd Men, but not their Languages.

In

In his mouth Nations ſpeak; his Tongue might be
Interpreter to *Greece, France, Italy.*
His native Soyl was the Four parts o' th' Earth;
All *Europe* was too narrow for his Birth.
A young Apoſtle; and (with rev'rence may
I ſpeak it) inſpir'd with gift of Tongues, as They.
Nature gave him, a Childe, what Men in vain
Oft ſtrive, by Art though further'd, to obtain.
His Body was an Orb, his ſublime Soul
Did move on Vertue's and on Learning's Pole:
Whoſe Reg'lar Motions better to our view,
Then *Archimedes* Sphere, the Heavens did ſhew.
Graces and Vertues, Languages and Arts,
Beauty and Learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heav'ns Gifts, which do, like falling Stars, appear
Scatter'd in Others; all, as in their Sphear,
Were fix'd and conglobate in 's Soul; and thence
Shone th'row his Body, with ſweet Influence;
Letting their Glories ſo on each Limb fall,
The whole Frame render'd was Celeſtial.
Come, learned *Ptolomy*, and trial make,
If thou this Hero 's Altitude canſt take;
But that tranſcends thy skill; thrice happie all,
Could we but prove thus Aſtronomical.

Liv'd *Tycho* now, ſtruck with this Ray, (which ſhone
More bright i' th' Morn, then others beam at Noon)
He'd take his *Aſtrolabe*, and ſeek out here
What new Star 't was did gild our Hemiſphere.
Repleniſh'd then with ſuch rare Gifts as theſe,
Where was room left for ſuch a Foul Diſeaſe?
The Nations ſin hath drawn that Veil, which ſhrouds
Our Day-ſpring in ſo ſad benighting Clouds.
Heaven would no longer truſt its Pledge; but thus
Recall'd it; rapt its *Ganymede* from us.
Was there no milder way but the Small Pox,
The very Filth'neſs of *Pandora*'s Box?
So many Spots, like *næves*, our *Venus* ſoil?
One Jewel ſet off with ſo many a Foil?
Bliſters with pride ſwell'd; which th'row's fleſh did ſprout
Like Roſe-buds, ſtuck i' th' Lily-skin about.
Each little Pimple had a Tear in it,
To wail the fault its riſing did commit:
Who, Rebel-like, with their own Lord at ſtrife,
Thus made an Inſurrection 'gainſt his Life.
Or were theſe Gems ſent to adorn his Skin,
The Cab'net of a richer Soul within?
No Comet need foretel his Change drew on,
Whoſe Corps might ſeem a *Conſtellation*.

O had he di'd of old, how great a ſtrife
Had been, who from his Death ſhould draw their Life?
Who ſhould, by one rich draught, become what ere
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæſar, were:
Learn'd, Vertuous, Pious, Great; and have by this
An univerſal *Metempſuchoſis*.
Muſt all theſe ag'd Sires in one Funeral
Expire? All die in one ſo young, ſo ſmall?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great Fame
Had ſwoln 'bove any *Greek* or *Romane* Name.
But haſty Winter, with one blaſt, hath brought
The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to nought.
Thus fades the Oak i' th' ſprig, i' th' blade the Corn;
Thus, without Young, this *Phœnix* dies, new born.
Muſt then old three-legg'd gray-beards with their Gout,
Catarrhs, Rheums, Aches, live three Ages out?
Times Offal, onely fit for th' Hoſpital,
Or t' hang an Antiquaries room withal;
Muſt Drunkards, Lechers, ſpent with Sinning, live
With ſuch helps as Broths, Poſſits, Phyſick give?
None live, but ſuch as ſhould die? Shall we meet
With none but Ghoſtly Fathers in the Street?
Grief makes me rail; Sorrow will force its way;
And, Show'rs of Tears, Tempeſtuous Sighs beſt lay.

The

The Tongue may fail; but over-flowing Eyes
Will weep out lasting streams of *Elegies*.

But thou, O *Virgin-Widow*, left alone,
Now thy belov'd, heaven-ravisht *Spouse* is gone,
(Whose skilful Sire in vain strove to apply
Med'cines, when thy Balm was no Remedy)
With greater then *Platonick* love, O wed
His Soul, though not his Body, to thy Bed:
Let that make thee a Mother; bring thou forth
Th' *Idea's* of his Vertue, Knowledge, Worth;
Transcribe th'Original in new Copies; give
Hastings o' th' better part: so shall he live
In's Nobler Half; and the great Grandsire be
Of an Heroick Divine Progenie:
An Issue, which t' Eternity shall last,
Yet but th' Irradiations which he cast.
Erect no *Mausolæums*: for his best
Monument is his Spouses Marble brest.

JOHANNES DRYDEN,
Scholæ Westm.
Alumnus.

In

In Obitum Honoratiſsimi Viri, Domini HENRICI HASTINGS.

INcipe lugubris, Muſa incipe noſtra, querelas;
Contineat Lachrymas nec Cytherea ſuas:
Excidit amplexu Muſarum abreptus Alumnus;
Pulchrior Idalio Sponſus Adone perit.
Cum celebranda forent lato connubia cantu,
Ferres accenſas túque Hymenæe faces:
Pronuba præbebant piceas funalia flammas;
Junonis ſubiit tunc Libitina vices.
Vertitur in mœſtum genialis ſponda feretrum;
Fit veſpillo, priùs qui Paranymphus erat.
Flent omnes triſtíque irrorant imbre cadaver;
Et ſuperat morbi lachryma fuſa notas.
Pro virtute tuâ ſi vota ſuperſtite dentur,
Victima ſi pro te ſoſpite digna cadat;

Ut Pietas, Virtus, Linguæque, Artésque supersint,
Nec pereat formæ, aut Nobilitatis honos;
Qui pro communi renuit se tradere Fato,
Non tibi, sed Patriæ denegat officium.
Occidis exemplar, generosæ & norma juventæ;
Insequitur morum magna ruina tuam.
Vita tibi dempta est, sed nobis Regula vitæ:
Tecum Nobilitas semisepulta jacet.
Græcia, Roma, tuam excoluit (quotæ Natio!) Linguam:
Qui totum excoleret te, minor orbis erit.
Tantus es, ut cœli tumulandus in orbibus esses;
Non satis in Tumulum terra Britanna patet.
At quid amator eras? Musarum castra sequenti
Permansit puro sanguine sana cutis.
Mox ubi pectus amor, Morbilli corpus adurunt:
Tabe omni costas fortiùs urit amor.
Protegis arte tuâ cultores Phœbe; dolendum est
Arte quod in Medicâ nil Cytherea potest.
Sponsa parata, velut pulchræ virtutis Idæa,
Interiore animam concremat igne tuam.
Procul hinc conjux, auges incendia fletu,
Vulnerat ex oculis ignea gutta tuis.
Est toleranda mihi duri inclementia morbi;
Virtus, aut facies non toleranda tua est.

Extur-

Exturget mihi Mens, & laxat Corporis arcta
Vincula, in amplexus non ſatis ampla tuos :
Extenditque cutem, partéſque exporrigit omnes,
Ruptáque mille aditus per ſua membra parat.
Exit Sponſi anima, in gremium Sponſæque recepta eſt :
Non duo, jam nexi mentibus unus erunt.
Totus amor, totus nunc Spiritus, I pete cœlos :
Non Sponſus, Chriſti ſis modo Spouſa tui.

CYRILLUS WYCHE,
Scholæ Weſtm. Alumnus.

PUllâ hâc in Urnâ ſæculi Genius ſui
Reclinat auguſtum caput :
Natura multâ dote quem ditaverat,
Hominúmque cœtu exemerat.
Mortalitatem niſi fateretur ſuam,
Intelligentiam putes.
Deſideratiùs quis unquam vixerit,
Poterítve flebiliùs mori ?
Meditentur alii buſta, ſuſpendant Tholos,
Titulis onuſti grandibus :

Quorum ſuperſtes fama Marmoribus manet
Tribuenda, non meritis ſuis.
Non poſcit Haſtings *Funeris pompam hanc ſui;*
Sibi non Sepulchra poſtulat,
Epitaphiumve, quod recenſeret quibus
Sit ortus è Penatibus.
Pietate, Factis, Arte, Linguis Inclytus
Stat Ipſe Monumentum ſibi.

EDW. CAMPION,
Scholæ Weſtm.
Alumnus.

ARtibus, & Linguis, & Sanguine Nobilis Heros,
Urnula tot dotes non capit una tuas.
Vix capiti locus eſt; in cœlis quære ſepulchrum:
Terra negat, Tumulo non ſatis ampla tuo.
Scribenti titulos mihi longa excreſcit Honorum
Pagina; & inceptis grandior illa meis.
Neſcimus Patriam, tua ſi modò lingua loquatur:
Eſſe ſuam credit Græcia, Roma ſuam.
Non unus moreris, funus non plangimus unum;
Sed ſtrages hominum, ſed Μικρόκοσμος *obis.*

Fama

Fama ſuperjectam Cœlo digniſſima terram
Rumpit, & ad ſimiles te vehit alta deos.
Pallas virtutes, artes donavit Apollo;
Mors tamen has, illas invidioſa rapit.
Parca parat ſua tela, parat ſua tela Cupido;
Comburit corpus puſtula, pectus amor.
Feſtinat Citherea ſuas accendere tædas:
Accendit tædas invida Parca ſuas.
Exornat Citherea torum, Libitina Sepulchrum;
Illa ſuum ſternit floribus, illa ſuum.
Laberis ex Thalamo *in* Tumulum; *mirabile* Spectrum
Viſus es, & Sponſæ non procus *eſſe tuæ.*
Sponſa tuam mirata luem, reſtinguere vulnus
Conatur lachrymis; ſed magis ardet amor.
Impatiens morbi ruit in contagia; cura
Tanta Tui eſt, ut ſit nulla relicta Sui.
Sit licet atra lues, & nil niſi puſtula corpus,
Ibit in ampexus (vel moritura) tuos:
Et placuere tui magis exanthemata *vultûs,*
Quàm flores *propriis qui rubuere genis.*
Cum Sponſâ mea Muſa tuâ te plangit amátque,
Cum linguis muta eſt ſed mea Muſa tuis.

THO. ADAMS, Scholæ
Weſtm. Alumnus.

No-

NObilium pueris bullæ olim insignia; Morbi
Nos insignivit plurima bulla notis.
Me nuper languente, infecit *pustula corpus;*
Jam mentem affecit, *Te* moriente, *meam.*
Morbi iterum videor tecum sentire dolores:
Quàm leve ferre meos, quàm grave ferre tuos!
Partior ipse tui languores *corporis: O si*
Virtutes *animæ partiar ipse Tuæ!*

RADULPHUS MOUNTAGUE, EDWARDI MOUNTAGUE Baronis de *Boughton* Filius natu minor, ex Scholâ *Westmonast.*

FINIS.